

McGill Daily

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MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1917.

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R. M. ROBERTSON AT CROWBOROUGH WITH ENGINEERS

'Plut' Wilson in Quarantine for Measles Outbreak.

WAS LOST IN LONDON.

Difficulties of Finding One's Way in the Maze of London Streets.

Lieut. R. M. Robertson, a member of Science '17 in the civil class, enlisted with a commission in the Canadian Engineers last spring immediately after exams. He sailed with a draft last November for England, and is now stationed at Crowborough camp.

He writes as follows:—

We have settled down here for I don't know how long, but I guess it will be a few months, at any rate. The district in which we are situated is very pretty, but all the beauty is now removed, due to the amount of rain and fog.

I had a very nice time crossing the old pond, and was sick only for about ten minutes the first night we struck the ocean.

We all got six days' leave just after we arrived, so I spent as much as I could up in Scotland, and certainly did enjoy myself.

There are quite a number of McGill men here at the depot, "Vaddy" Sutherland, W. H. Bailey, Eric Pope, Howie Balm, Hugh Crombie, Stan Cole, Koelle (Arch. '17), and "Plut" Wilson, who just arrived on a draft last week, and is now in quarantine, due to an outbreak of measles.

Jim Shanly and Lafollet left last night for Bramshott, where they are going to be instructors in military engineering. I have not seen Bob Bieck since I came over, as he has been away with a bunch of men building some huts.

There are a great many country houses in this district, most of which I think belong to retired Londoners, who have given over the life of the city. A few of these have been taken over by the military authorities for the use of the officers, so we have comfortable quarters, anyway.

Part of my leave I spent in London, and when I met quite a few of the boys back from the front on Xmas leave. London is all right through the day, but at night it is a dark hole, and unless one knows where they are going, one is up against it, and their only salvation is a taxi. I found the best and cheapest way to travel is in the tube, as it is very hard to lose oneself if enough care is taken.

I did lose myself one night, after I came back from Scotland. We went to a show, and going home, thought we would take the tube. Well, we got to the nearest station to the hotel, but turned in the wrong direction, and after waiting about half a mile, decided we were on the wrong route, so after consulting a "bobby" we verified our decision, and had to walk back to where we started, and after we did get there we walked around the block six times before striking the right street. It is just about as easy to get lost here at camp, as there are so many roads running in all directions, and you have to be careful which turning you take.

The other day we were out on a road reconnaissance, and took a wrong turning, and landed up in a village about two miles from where we should have finished.

The work here is very interesting; at present we are on a field works course, which includes entrenching, wire entanglements, bridges, and it we happen to be near a tea room, drinking afternoon tea, which is a habit most of us are falling into.

On Saturday night I attended a reception given by Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle, whose home is quite near the camp, and who have about forty officers over every Saturday night. We spent a very pleasant and interesting evening, as Sir Arthur showed us many souvenirs of his travels, each having a history of its own.

"BILLY" AS AN ATHLETE.

The following item appeared in one of the Montreal papers recently under the heading, "This week in sport 25 years ago." Billy Gentleman is assistant in the Electrical Laboratory for the Third Year Science men.

There were two sensations in snowshoe circles last week: the desertion of the Argyles by Billy Gentleman, their crack runner, to run under the Winged Wheel of the M. A. A. crest.

"The defection of Billy Gentleman was a sore point with the Argyles, whose standard-bearer he had been in some of the gruelling cross-country races to Lachine, but Billy was thinking of going in for summer running also, and the M. A. A. A. offered much greater facilities for training.

Gentleman is now settled in Montreal, but in the intervening quarter of a century has had all sorts of adventures, having been attached at one time as a mechanical superintendent to the engine of one of the great Princess of British India.

"His father was the celebrated 'Corky,' one of the best known walkers of his time, who owned the Sir John Ashby belt, which he had won years ago in England."

STUDENTS' UNION TURNS OVER \$60 TO WOMEN'S UNION.

It was announced at the meeting of the House Committee of the McGill Union held yesterday that the sum of \$50.85 will be turned over to the McGill Women's Union as the proceeds from the informal dance held at the Union before the Christmas holidays. This sum to be devoted to sending field comforts to the men of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry overseas. The receipts from the dance totalled \$252.00, and the disbursements \$192.15.

Past students and graduates who are making use of the privileges of the Union without paying the active membership fee will be asked to pay the fee, or, failing this, to withdraw from the building, so the House Committee decided at yesterday's meeting.

Non-members may be introduced to the Union by members, but only for a period of two weeks, and no longer.

A vote of thanks was tendered Lady Conington for her gift of the late Lieut. W. A. O. D. Parnell's set of the Encyclopedia Britannica to the Union Library.

The use of the Great Hall by the Faculty of Arts for the mid-term examinations next week was approved, on the understanding that the University be liable for any damages taken to guard against the finding its way on the floor of the hall.

LIEUT. D. L. MACAULAY REPORTED WOUNDED

Graduate in the Royal Flying Corps is a Casualty in France.

Official notification has been received by relatives in the city of the wounding in action of Lieut. Douglas Lawson Macaulay, a graduate of Science of the class of '15. Lieut. Macaulay is serving with the Royal Flying Corps, and was evidently wounded in the course of an aerial encounter on the Western front. No details were given of Lieut. Macaulay's injuries with the exception that they are slight.

Lieut. Macaulay attended the Westmount Academy and St. Andrew's College, Toronto, before he entered McGill. Here he took the course in Electrical Engineering, and was graduated in 1915. He won the 135 lbs. McGill boxing championship in 1911. Lieut. Macaulay was born in Montreal in 1891, and his home was in Hudson Heights, Que.

ROYAL FLYING CORPS TRAINING AT OXFORD

J. B. Mawdsley Writes That He Is Billeted in Lincoln College.

Writing from England to a friend, J. B. Mawdsley says that he has been transferred to the Royal Flying Corps. Cadet Mawdsley, as he is now known, enlisted with the First University Company in the Spring of 1915. Last Spring he was wounded while serving in the trenches with the Princess Pats. A ricochet bullet from an enemy machine gun hit Private Mawdsley, and caused him a severe wound. For the last five or six months he has been in various hospitals of England recuperating, but has now completely recovered, and is taking a course in aviation. He writes:—

I ran into a fellow the other day with a "Sam Browne" and a "star," and it turned out to be Clerk, of Sci. '17, who has been over here a short while, and is taking a course in the R. F. C.

I am always running into somebody I know. About a month ago I spent the week-end with Randolph Strang, Sci. '17, who was much the same old person.

I would certainly like to get a few "dallies" to see how things are going. It is funny the ones you sent have not landed, but really, the mail service with the Dominion has been very erratic of late.

The work here is getting highly interesting—for the army. It is a mighty well run course, with good instructors. I expect we will hear nothing else but engines, planes and machine guns for nearly two months, and then if I am lucky I'll fly.

There are a very nice lot of fellows here, including a lot of Canadians, in our own squadron, not to mention the ones in the other squadrons.

That "Conversat." card brought back many memories. How did it go this year? Are you having any skating parties, or is the Campus rink not going "this year?"

I got a card from Sid Bruneau the other day. He is going back to Canada on escort duty, shortly, so in all probability you will see him. He has made himself pretty useful at Shorncliffe, and I hardly expected they would let him go.

CHARLES I. PLAYS IMPORTANT PART IN AFFAIRS NOW

Prussian Influence on the Hapsburg Dynasty.

AUSTRIA DIVIDED?

Will the New Emperor Resent the Hun Control of His Country?

Dr. Colby, in his lecture yesterday, continued with his discussion of the "Liquidation of Austria."

The new ruler of Austria-Hungary has come to the throne at a critical juncture, the fortunes of the new emperor being in all probability in as precarious a condition as those of his predecessor, Francis Joseph, who came to the throne amid the turmoil of revolution. However, the reins of power remained with the Hapsburgs by a very narrow margin. Now, again their power is threatened, and Charles I. has many serious problems to face.

Perhaps one of the most important factors which will decide the final rise to power, or subjugation of this dynasty, will be the personality and character of the new ruler. Of that we know little. If, however, he has character and personality; there is no doubt but that his first thought will be the future relationship of Austria and Prussia.

Since the beginning of the war Prussianism has dominated the Austro-Hungarian Empire in everything. The German General Staff control her armies, and they are subjected to the somewhat galling treatment of having German officers, Germany's project of Berlin to Bagdad now stands forth clearly, and their ambition to control Austria has now become very apparent.

What the attitude of the new Emperor, to this policy of Pan-Germanism which has invaded his country, will be, is more than we can guess. We can hardly think that a man of spirit such as we may expect Charles I. to be, will look forward to the prospect of perpetual dependence on the Hohenzollerns for his power with much pleasure. We are receiving rumours every day which point to the fact that he considers that their influence has been excessive, particularly in Hungary. These rumours point to the probable resignation of Count Tisza, the Prime Minister of Hungary.

In regards to this, a danger to the Allies which must be watched for is the acceptance, too readily, of the restlessness of Austria under the yoke of the Hun.

Pan-Germanism can be frustrated in several ways, all which tend toward the ultimate end of their activities in this line throughout Europe. Perhaps the most important of these would be the development of an independent spirit among the Austro-Hungarian peoples, throwing off the German yoke.

Such a course of action on the part of these countries would of course offer a simple solution to the European problem; but we should consider, even if such did come to be the case, whether in justification to the peoples of these countries, the Allies should aid the prolongation of the Hapsburg dynasty. It is plain that this dynasty holds its power in defiance of nationality and democracy.

Apparently this house of Hapsburg is without the least vestige of decent political morals. Thus we have the rule of millions being held in the hands of a family who ruthlessly subordinate the welfare of a people for their own interest.

The most glaring scandal during the past few years has been the subordination of the Slavs by their political masters. The Slavs constitute a majority, although an uneducated one, in the Dual Monarchy. This culminated in the annexation of Bosnia in 1908, which very nearly precipitated a European war at that time, so great was the crisis. Further trouble developed early in 1909.

(Continued on Page 3.)

RECITE AT SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE MEETING.

The "Société Française" held one of its regular meetings yesterday afternoon in the Common Room of the R. V. C. A reading contest was held, in which a considerable number took part, and acquitted themselves creditably. Madame de Crevecoeur and Mlle. Greterin, who kindly consented to judge the contest, were well pleased with the French pronunciation of the students.

Miss Sallie Solomon was awarded the first prize, which is a book entitled "Miette et Nore," by J. Aicard.

The second prize—a picture—was awarded to Miss Helen Nichol.

Miss K. Baker and Miss F. Novick received honourable mention. The following students entered the contest:—

Miss B. Drabkin, Miss K. Baker, Miss M. Newnam, Miss S. Solomon, Miss G. Banfill, Miss H. Nichol, Miss S. Steeves, Miss F. Novick.

After the distribution of the prizes the president thanked the judges for their kind service. The meeting then adjourned.

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\$2.00 Neckwear	1.65
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Elizabeth Monk, '18, Jean McCullough, '20.
News Editor in charge of this issue—L. H. Derrier.
Associates—J. R. Dunbar, R. L. Weldon.

HOW TO PASS EXAMS!

"I'm sorry I didn't start to study sooner!" How often we are hearing these plainly repentant tones at this time of year, but great as the regret is, still, it is not much use in crying over spilled milk at this stage of the game. The examinations which are to come are as inevitable as day and night, and to be successful one must know the work which has been covered. The "Daily" has from time to time remonstrated about the necessity for persistent study, and while some have been studying we know from past experience that many have not.

Of course we will admit that studying is not natural, but on the other hand, it is a necessary evil, the habit of which we must cultivate. There are diverse ways and means of studying, but if it is going to be effectual, we must first learn the art of concentration. Much could be said as to how one could learn to concentrate, but without doubt the best way to acquire it is by trying. Our surroundings certainly do help, but the greatest aid is a whole-hearted desire, coupled with perseverance. One of the most exasperating customs, and one that cannot be too harshly criticized at this time of year, is that of the man who "just drops in" to see what you are doing. It is he who comes and tells you how easy the examinations will be, and the uselessness of doing any work, most likely interrupting you at a point when you least want to be disturbed. This same chap probably tells you how little work he has done, and how easily he has passed the exams, before, thereby illustrating his cleverness, and now, after having spent several hours working, which, of course he does not mention, "drops in" to keep you from working. Surely it is only common decency, to say the least, if you are not working, to stay away and allow those to work who want to do so.

An important factor as to whether you will or will not be able to do the amount of work you feel you should is that of regular meals. To maintain a clear head for studying, meals should not be eaten as if there were only a few minutes in which to catch a train, and we should not allow our meal times to be erratic. Regularity is indeed essential. It is a false conception that to accomplish the most one should stay "cooped up" in the room all day and never take exercise. Violent exercise will, it is true, be fatiguing beyond all reason, but a walk, either before or after meals, gives one renewed vigour, and a greater capacity to absorb.

As the day of examination approaches some find that their physical strength is becoming exhausted, and they are seized by a conscientious worry for fear they will fail. It is at such times that they resort to the pernicious habit of taking "dope." At times it may be taken through ignorance of the results, but oftener it is done on the advice of one who has been a user of it, and has been left with its effects. There occurs to the minds of some a case which took place, not so many years ago, of a student who took recourse to the use of some sort of "dope," in an attempt to pass the final examinations. He did pass the examiners, but not without the direst results to his constitution and the sacrifice of all his future hopes and aspirations. Immediately following the last examination, almost, he was hurriedly taken to a sanitarium for treatment in a broken up condition, and for the remainder of his days will remain a wreck, a condition which he brought about himself. Great as may be the strain and the worry as to the outcome, examinations cannot be worth so great a price.

TAKE HEED LEST YOU FALL.

It may not be amiss to drop a word to the wise, or unwise, in these troubled times of examinations anent the disgraceful habit which somehow or other has foisted itself upon our University life to it is true, but a small degree but in this case "a little is too much." We refer to the practice of cribbing or copying. There are some people who will hold up their hands in holy terror at the mere mention of such a thing, and at the suggestion that such a thing exists in McGill. But we must remember that there is a little bit of bad in every good big college, so we suppose that Old McGill is no exception. It takes an awfully clever student to copy,—almost. It requires an enormous amount of brains to make a "crib,"—maybe. It is a glorious thing to be able to "put one over" on the examiner,—perhaps. But we can't see it.

It's a low down trick to begin with. Unfair from start to finish. Unfair to yourself as well as to the other members of the class. The man who studies conscientiously all year in order that he may be able to take a good mark in the examination is surely entitled to a little consideration. It isn't the right thing to come ahead of him in an examination. If you haven't enough energy, or brains or common sense to work yourself, then get out of College. It will save you about three or four hundred dollars, and you can earn about three or four hundred more, and this six or eight hundred is enough for such a parasite as the cribber to live on.

It is a petty thing. Small. Mean. A thing that a College student should be careful to step aside from. It isn't anything to boast of, it is rather something to be ashamed of. Examinations are not the only thing that one is supposed to have passed when he steps out of the University. He is expected to have come up to the test in manliness and character, and all the attributes which a gentleman, and College men are supposed to be gentlemen, should possess.

And then it is so nice when you are detected. Your people are so proud of the fact. Your Dad that made sacrifices to send you to the University is so happy when he finds that his son has been caught copying! Your class mates can point with pride to you and say that at least their class has something to boast of. The girl back home loves you all the more for it. And last of all you can pat yourself on the back and say, "What a good boy am I!" Sure! Keep it up! You're a credit to the University,—perhaps.

MADNESS AND MOONSHINE.

She was just so ugly and just so nice. In fact, she was atrociously ugly, but when you came to look at her closely—if you dared—you found it was just because she had brilliant red hair and brilliant red cheeks. And to make it worse, she dressed with no taste at all. Any old colour and any old style, and it generally was any colour and old style. As the girls said, her taste was all in her mouth, and that taste was Page and Shaws' Maple Pecan with Caramel Sauce. But the thing that worried us all was that she didn't have a steady, no, not even a "Sunday." Nobody could abide that hair. Then we decided that because she was so nice—she never got M. P. with C. S. for herself alone—we'd get her one—a steady—yes, we would! Even if we had to work all year and lose a dozen chances ourselves. So that was to be our stunt for the year, and we swore by Oak, Ash and Thorn, (which by the way, is a very grand oath), that we WOULD GET HER ONE. At the Conversazione next night, that bugbear of Freshmen, we looked after her beautifully, but those foolish little Freshies would persist in seeing nothing but red hair and red cheeks, in spite of the fact that she had on that delightful apple-green dress that we had insisted on her buying, because it toned down her brickiness (that is Honoric Periphraiss; I learnt that in 2nd year beautifully).

Then Marjorie met a cute little chap named Billie Perkins, and considering him eligible, she went into captures over that wonderful Miss Margaret Marline, with her wonderful chestnut-auburn hair. He was quite ready to meet her, and he smothered her charms when some interesting young coon told him her hair was red, and then Perkins' around corner and like the rude little cub he was, he refused a perfectly good introduction.

Then Ruth, with great magnanimity, baited her hook for Buddy Strong, the one who takes her to the movies and meets her outside the Geology building, (but don't tell anybody I told), and it looked as though it would be a success until that little cut of a Freshette, Lydia Summers, fell into raptures over his buxom amoustahe, and he over her superlative little face. And so poor Ruth got doubly "stung."

"Ruddy" Bunch had taken her out several times, and their two heads certainly did lighten up the atmosphere, but after the Christmas holidays he didn't come back—"enforced leave of absence."

At last that most glorious "lord of creation," Varley Greaves, was introduced to her on the Campus rink. He found her very attractive, because she always had on her hockey cap at the rink. So when at last he saw her at the Junior dance—but oh—I haven't come to that yet.

The Junior Dance—alack, alas, the date of this tale must have been before the war—was coming soon, and Varley asked her to go. She was delighted, and the girls were more so—it looked as though they had pulled off their little stunt. She wrote home and asked her folks to send her a new dress, but what do you think in all this time of the dance it arrived in all its glory, and the colour of it was—pink! Had her parents forgotten the colour of her hair or were they daft! Pink! and red hair!

But Margaret thought it was grand, just the thing, we groaned. Then Grace made a bright suggestion. Oh, but do look at the sleeves, girls; they're impossible; just wait till I get my scissors—lend me back my thimble, Maybelle—and I'll fix them in a jiffy. Margaret's face fell. "Why, I think they look sweet." "Oh, no," half a dozen voices gravely assured her. "Grace is right; they're impossible." "Well," said Margaret, almost in tears, "do be careful, for you know she spoiled Elsie's last month, and Winnifred's electric stove in October, and if you spoil my dress I'll never forgive you, Grace." But Grace was too busy with her big shears to mind her, and Margaret watched with apprehension the ruthless cutting of tulle, silk and lace.

However, at six o'clock, everything was declared finished, and the dress was laid aside for the evening. We went to see if Margaret was ready at half-past seven and found her waiting over the sleeves which Grace had fixed. Grace, of course, did not come with us; she thought she had better keep at a safe distance till the storm had blown over. We went to work to comfort Margaret over the sleeves, which had now been rendered impossible, and we told her to put on her sweet apple-green dress. It suited her so! At last she did so, although she kept vowing vengeance against Grace, whilst we were smiling to ourselves to think how well our ruse had succeeded in keeping Margaret from wearing that violent pink to the big dance of the year. And sure enough we had the satisfaction that night of seeing Margaret looking perfectly happy, and though it was the first time that Varley Greaves had seen her beautiful "chestnut-auburn" crop in all its glory, he did not seem to notice it in the least. And so our stunt was won, because the worst part was over, and our oath by Oak, Ash and Thorn (this true, it was only a wee, wee thorn from a rose-bush), had been kept.

"ICHABOD."

ROYAL FLYING CORPS TRAINING AT OXFORD.
(Continued from page one)

Oxford is by far the prettiest town I have ever seen. I don't think there is a town to compare with it as far as buildings are concerned. They are all of the most lovely design, and date from all ages. The "Storeyed Past" is in great evidence here.

Our billet is in Lincoln College, which was founded in 1450 something. We dine in the oak panelled dining hall, its walls all covered with paintings of past rectors and students. As one of the Irishmen said, "Sure, and it's hard to believe we're in the army." We are making the most of it; our room is pretty well furnished, and the old fire place, which we keep working overtime, is fine.

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THE POPULAR GIRL.

Middleton did not return to college after the Christmas vacation. He was down in his studies, his instructors said; his father did not wish him to continue, he told the fellows; he had accepted a position, the college paper announced; but the real facts were that it was a girl—a very popular girl who had put an end to Middleton's education.

She was a pretty girl with pleasant manners and stylish clothes and a ready flow of talk and exemplary morals—if her clothes had been a little less correct and her morals a little less exemplary she might have been less dangerous. From the time she had entered the high school she had kept a string of fellows about her, and she had played them adroitly, skilfully, and with a steady eye to her own selfish interests. If one ever tried to break away she melted immediately and gave him the impression that he was the only one for whom she had really cared, and he usually rushed back into her train.

When Barton entered college he was ambitious and gave promise of an excellent record; but she was attracted by him, and he no sooner came under her influence than he lost all ambition. He was wild after her, spent his money on her, and neglected everything to be with her. She would never let him "one, played him as an angler plays a game fish, called him on the telephone if he failed to see her, and then, when she had ruined him as a student and tired of him as a lover, threw him aside and picked up another victim.

There had been several of them before Middleton came—a shy sensitive boy easily led, easily discouraged, and in love with the girl. His attentions flattered her, and though she did not care for him, she was too calculatingly selfish to let him go. She smiled on him, and almost insulted him in turn; she made engagements with him and then broke them without compunction if a more desired escort came along. She counted on his coming whenever she beckoned, and too weak to resist her, she made life for him a constant uncertainty and hell which he left college to rid himself of.

Such a man is weak, you say. Perhaps. But a real woman might have strengthened him, encouraged him, set for him ideals, or, best of all, she might have let him alone.

There are many such girls with pretty faces and curiously attractive clothes, incapable of real feeling and incapable of an unselfish thought. They come out unscathed, many people think, from these social escapades, but it is not true. They pay—every one of them. Sometimes the time of payment is long deferred, but they pay to the last farthing, cruelly, far more than their little petty popularity and pleasures are worth. When they come to the point of wanting friends there are none, when they want love, and real devotion they are gone; through their trifling with sacred emotions they become incapable of feeling or appreciating such emotions, and the end is loneliness, unhappiness and neglect.

—Thomas Arkie Clark, in The Daily Illini.

McGILL STUDENT MANS "TANK."

"Buster Reid," formerly a student at McGill University, Toronto, was one of the crew that manned the first "tank" in the Somme drive last September. "Tank" is the name applied to the Allies' armored motor truck that has been proving so disastrous to the Germans. The University of Washington Daily.

ED. NOTE.—Alas! This is the most unkindest cut of all.

MEETING CAN. SOC. C. E.

The monthly meeting of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers will be held this evening at 8.15 o'clock in the rooms of that society, 176 Mansfield Street. Mr. W. F. Tye, Past President of the Society, will address the meeting on the subject of Canadian Railway Problems. This subject is of national importance at the present time, and should call forth a large attendance of student members, in spite of the coming examinations.

MANDOLIN CLUB PRACTICES.

Owing to the fact that examinations are being held next week, there will be no practice of the Mandolin Club on Monday, Jan. 22. Practices will be resumed the following week.

HIGH SCHOOL DANCE.

A benefit dance, in aid of returned soldiers, is to be held in the Montreal High School on Friday, Jan. 26. This dance should be of interest to many McGill men, particularly those who are old students at that school. Tickets may be obtained from Mr. H. A. Melville at the Union.

J. G. O'DONNELL AT THOROLD.

J. G. O'Donnell, of the graduating class of Science last year, is at present stationed at Thorold, Ontario. After graduation he was appointed an inspector of the Imperial Munitions Board, and at the Thorold plant is in charge of the physical tests of steel.

ARTS '18 MEETING.

All members of Arts '18, including double course students, are requested to meet at 1 p.m. in the Reading Room of the Arts Building. This O meeting has been called by O members of the class to discuss timely topics of importance.

LAST CALL FOR ANNUAL.

A large number of the clubs and societies of the University have not yet made much progress with their accounts of the club or societies' doings for the Annual, and explained in one of last week's Dailies. It is up to the presidents of the various societies and clubs to see that the secretaries get busy, and have an article handed in by next Monday, the 22nd. These articles should be left at the Union, and addressed to the Editor-in-Chief of the Annual. Composition of the book will be done next Wednesday, and all the societies who do not have an article in by that time will be ignored. The few students who have not yet had photographs taken are also given one more chance to make good, but if they do not avail themselves of this opportunity, they will be omitted from the Annual entirely.

PARCELS FOR PRISONERS.

The attention of those sending parcels to Canadian prisoners of war in Germany is directed to the fact that all such parcels should be addressed to the prisoners of war, care of the Prisoners of War Department, Canadian Red Cross Society, London, England. They will be forwarded from there after being censored.

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AMUSEMENTS

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THIS WEEK: Popular Matinees, Friday, Regular Matinee, Saturday The Winter Garden's Annual Outburst of Travesty, Spectacle and Song.
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Photo — WINDSOR — Plays TO-DAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, EDITH TALIAFERRO, in "CONQUEST OF CANAAN," COMEDY—To be selected.

LAFAYETTE ADOPTS SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

The faculty of Lafayette College recently passed several resolutions which announce the adoption of a new spelling, as based on the work of the simplified spelling board of America. The simpler and shorter of alternative spellings will be used in all official publications.

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MUSICAL DELIGHTS APPRECIATIVE HEARERS

Mr. L. Farnam and Mrs. C. Barker Were Well Received at Recital.

On Tuesday evening of this week a very high-class and altogether charming recital took place at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. The performers were Mr. Lynnwood Farnam, the celebrated pianist, and Mrs. Christina Barker, Montreal's perhaps best known and most talented vocalist.

The musical portion of the society of the city attended this recital, forming a very attentive and appreciative audience. There were also present a large number of the members of one of our Institutes for the Blind, who, with the ever-eager appreciation of this class for beauty in music, listened throughout with an interest that was an unmistakable tribute.

Mr. Farnam gave two groups of pianoforte selections, each item of which was received with enthusiasm, and in all of which he exhibited the skill of an accomplished artist. The musician played Dvorak's Sanctuary with much feeling, and it proved among the audience's favourites. However, after his execution of Chopin's Scherzo in C sharp minor, the appreciation of his listeners manifested itself in an insistent demand for an encore.

With regard to Mrs. Barker, mere words are very inadequate. It has been said that this local favourite can teach anyone to sing. However this may be, it would certainly be impossible to listen to her singing without feeling a certain inspiration. Her voice, although powerful, is perfectly controlled, and although exquisitely trained, yet retains the ability of conveying every word and syllable distinctly.

Mrs. Barker opened the recital with three well-chosen selections, all beautifully rendered and heartily appreciated. When next she appeared, it was to sing several lovely little French songs, and in doing so she earned some comment on account of her perfect accent and mastery of the French language. At the end of these selections, the soloist was presented with a number of beautiful bouquets of roses.

Mrs. Barker closed the recital with Saar's Little Grey Dove, after which the applause was so enthusiastic as to finally induce the artist to favour the audience with an encore.

Mr. Stanley Gardner gave a very suitable and sympathetic accompaniment to all Mrs. Barker's selections. The programme follows:

- 1—Whether by Day Tschalkowski
- Song of the Shepherd Lehl Rimsky-Korsakov
- O Thou Billowy Harvest Field Rachmaninoff
- Mrs. Barker Bach
- 2—Overture in B. minor Gigout
- Mr. Farnam
- 3—Beau Soir Debussy
- Chant d'Exil Vidal
- Le Colibri Chausson
- Chanson Triste Duparc
- L'Oiseau Bleu Dalcroze
- Si mes Vers avaient des Ailes Hahn
- Mrs. Barker
- 4—Ondine, the Water Sprite Ravel
- The Sanctuary Dvorak
- Scherzo in C sharp minor Chopin
- Mr. Farnam
- 5—The Green River
- John Aiden Carpenter Accompanist—Mr. Stanley Gardner.

RED CROSS LIFE IN A CLEARING STATION

Hospital is Made up of Tents Without Any Floors.

One of the Canadian nurses who went overseas with the British Red Cross describes the life of a nurse in a clearing station, and the conditions under which they work near the front line. The clearing station, it may be noted, is the first place to receive patients, and wounded men after they have received treatment from the medical officer of their battalion. She says in part:—

My friend and I have been fortunate enough to be posted together, and are at a clearing station, much to our surprise, as new comers are always sent to a base hospital, and broken in before being sent here in the midst of the work. It is very hard on us to be sent to a casualty clearing station. I think I will like it, as I am fond of surgical work. Have Australians coming in, and they are wonderfully brave boys, and they stand so much without even a murmur. The climate is very damp, and it rains most all the time.

We live in huts, eight in a hut, partitioned off with canvas, rather cold, and one can feel the wind blowing through, as the walls are made of tar paper. We do everything by candle light, have a small oil stove for heating purposes, and we carry nearly all our furniture in a kit bag. We are on duty from 8 to 8, and dinner from 8 to 9, and that makes it quite late getting off. Have off duty for two or three hours if possible.

CHARLES I. PLAYS IMPORTANT PART IN AFFAIRS NOW. (Continued from Page 1.)

with Serbia, in which Austria used such execrable political tricks which would have again caused war but for the fact that Russia was in no position at the time to demand punishment of the offenders.

Thus it is doubtful whether it would be right to allow this reigning house to continue a regime, which the past has not justified as a good one.

Austria should therefore be broken up into its component parts, when the contest which ends the war sets, for in its present disorganized condition it will always remain a menace. The formation of a Bohemian state from parts of the thus broken up country, would be an end which, if attained, would tend to unite the Slavs.

That Austria and Hungary are very separate countries with separate interests is easily seen by the fact that although the Dual Monarchy has existed for over four centuries, the amalgamation of these two countries in the true sense has never been accomplished.

The next few lectures by Dr. Colby will deal with the separate subjects which group themselves round this central theme of the liquidation of Austria.

- When I buy coloured Toys John Aiden Carpenter
- The Crying of Water Campbell-Tipton
- In the Boat Grieg
- The Little Grey Dove Saar
- Mrs. Barker.

JUST TALK

—By T. J.

There is a siren within our walls, a siren that the world has long known and who is no new comer to the University. But she is a good siren, faithful, true and devoted, agreeable, happy and unselfish, — a true companion to the College student. If your troubles are piling up in front of you, or you have the blues or worry wrinkles your forehead, she, who is omnipresent or easily secured, will whisper softly into your ear, "Dear Lad! Come away with me from it all! Forget! Forget! The nerves that are tired I'll soothe! I'll banish the worry! Come to the land of dreams with me!" And if you accept the gracious offer you suddenly find peace, restfulness and content.

How she seeks to please each of her individual friends! She dresses as they please, now in pure white—slim and gracious—or perhaps in brown, raiment that at one time blew free on our Western prairies. If you choose she will come to you in wooden clothes trimmed with silver and carved or perhaps a clay mould shall enfold the goddess of "half-dream" land. And last she may appear as she was brought into the world without raiment of wood or clay—or fig-leaf, the same care-banishing friend.

Her enemies are many—men and women—who never lose an opportunity to attack her, to drive her from us, to banish her from our buildings, our houses and even the street-cars. But—Isn't she wonderful?

O! the smoke of the pipes that has gone before, And the dreams it has wafted away, The world of thought, Tobacco has wrought— In the dreams of a yesterday.

When the thud of the rain brings a sombre mood, Or the wind pipes a mournful lay, The castles bright, That rise in the night— In the dreams of a future day.

The blue smoke wreathes a hundred forms, That pass like a fairy's play, The love of a maid, The bills unpaid, In the dreams of every day.

Just the same, My Lady Nicotine demands, like everything else, toll for the pleasure she gives us. But isn't that perfectly natural? She is but following an irrevocable law of the universe, the law of recompense. Our whole lives may be summed up in "Pay! Pay! Pay!" If not in one way then in another. And so we who use tobacco must conform to the rule. I suppose! In what way? In that our eye is not quite so keen, our hands not quite so steady, our time that has perhaps been wasted, our brain that is not quite so clear and possibly our energy that is deadened. Verily, Milady demands recompense—As some one said:

"Cigarette forget! Cigarette, and yet You are sweet while you last; But like love that is past, When out altogether, How bitter you get, And drop from my fingers, A burnt cigarette."

We smoke and doze and dream, building up our castles in the Utopian kingdom of Micromicon. Castles that come tumbling down when the pipe has grown cold and filled with sombre grey ashes—a fitting funeral shroud for our dear dead dreams.

We may admit her faults, condemn her as a harpy, pass all the laws we wish against her, but we shall always want her like the man who wrote:

Tobacco is a filthy weed, I like it! It satisfies no normal need, I like it! It makes you fat; it makes you lean; It takes the hair right off your head, It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen, I like it!

EDUCATION? He knew his Latin very well, He also knew his Greek, And German, French and Spanish all With fluency could speak.

When he assayed his native tongue His learning went amiss; He rattled off a jargon that: "Went very much like this: "Say, listen to me, bo, No kiddin', now, the gink has got A hoghead full of dough."—Ex.

OVERLAP CRACK ATHLETES. Girls' athletics at Arizona are of the most progressive and aggressive kind. They are very proficient in tennis, and play the boys of the school some very close matches. They are good archers, and practice gymnastics daily. Modern Athletics have been discovered in some of the coeds, as they are as fleet of foot as the old girls of mythological times.

REGULATE STUDENT LABOR. Rules regarding student labor in the boarding houses and elsewhere at the University of California have been drawn up by the Student Rules Committee. Waiters are to receive 20 cents an hour for table work and 25 cents an hour for kitchen and general work. If the waiters eat at the regular table and receive service, they are to pay regular board, but if they wait on themselves they are to get ten per cent. off.

WALK FIVE MILES DAILY. Experiments carried on by faculty men at the University of California reveal the astonishing fact that the average student walks five miles a day. This excludes gym. work and drill.

MCGILL PHYSICAL SOCIETY. There will be a meeting of the McGill Physical Society to-morrow afternoon at 5 o'clock, in the Macdonald Physics Building. The subject is "The Principle of Similitude," by Mr. A. A. Scott.

STUDENTS' EYES DEFECTIVE. Eye defects trouble about 3,000 out of 6,000 students that annually enroll in the University of Wisconsin when they arrive for their first examination. Fifty per cent. of the men and 48.5 per cent. of the women have imperfect eyes. One-half of the defective students are provided with glasses before the year is over.

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